

Open Letter.

THE EDITOR

CULTIVATING THE FARM.

the digression, but allow this observation in passing. If a compulsory work law could be enacted by our State Legislatures, which would drive the idle and thriftless youth from the street corner universities and from the park training schools of our large cities, where they congregate daily and play crap, when they should be at work; and banish them from the saloons and gambling rooms of our towns and villages, it would be of untold value in the solution of the many problems which confront us, and be as great a benediction as compulsory education. If every county in the different States of the Union had its social settlement workshop, including a farm, where this indolent, go-easy class of human beings could be sent and compelled to work until habits of thrift and usefulness are cultivated, quite a revenue would be brought into the county treasuries, which would help to increase the school tax. This municipal compulsory working element should be paid

Paradise Farm is located in Nelson County, Virginia, in two forks of the Buffalo and Tye Rivers. It is one-half mile and a half from the River Station, on the Southern Railroad, containing (500) five hundred acres. On the north and west are the Goldsberry mountains; southeast it has three and half miles river front, affording bathing, fishing, and boating recreations, abounding with river-side parks and lawns, and the Blue Ridge mountains, some of whose chains and peaks are seen from all points of Paradise Farm.

The health features are excellent. Great springs here and there, among



PILGRIM.

VIRGINIA ARCH MASONS.

They Take Exception to the Action of Rev. Lucus.

It would seem from the action of some people of this world, like Baquo's Ghost, that they will not be down or stayed buried. It makes no difference what decision may be rendered against them. This event is called to my mind by an article in the issue of this paper of Aug. 27, wherein certain parties are trying to defend the legality of the so-called Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of F. A. A. Y. M. Masons. In this article the parties assert that African Lodge, 459, located in Boston, constituted in 1787,

I hope that this short sketch will be satisfactory to all parties concerned.

WM. H. SEVORSON.

The genius who set the play to

The population of New Haven, Conn., according to census report, is 70

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

annual liquor bill amounts to \$3,000,000. It has 12,000 saloons, 6 malt dealers and 1,020 wholesale dealers.

TANGIER "HOLYMAN"

HAD LEARNED THE METHODS OF BARNUM AND BAILEY.

American Experience Aided Charlatan In Gaining the Reverence and Small Coin of His Fellow Believers.

"There is hardly anything more enjoyable than to find an unexpected bit of the west in places thousands of miles and hundreds of years from the United States," said a New York man, according to the Sun of that city.

"My wife and I went to Tangier from Gibraltar. The day after our arrival we paid an early visit to the market. Suddenly, as we stood looking on, there was a commotion in the crowd, which parted right and left. I could hear the clash of cymbals, but was amazed to see men bowing almost to the ground as they made way. In the lane thus created appeared a tall man wearing a long robe of many colors and a necklace of charms. He kept his eyes turned heavenward as he walked, keeping up a clashing with a pair of cymbals as he proceeded. At his girdle was a gourd into which some of the multitude tossed copper coins. My courier told me that he was a dervish, a holy man from the Sudan.

"I thought the dervish would make a good subject for my camera, but the courier said he doubted whether it could be arranged, as all good Musselmans had religious scruples against being photographed. I insisted, and the courier said he would do his best.

"So we followed along after the dervish, through a little side street into a broader one, and having turned the corner the courier approached the dervish and exchanged a few words with him. The holy man looked to see whether any Mohammedans were looking on, and there being none in sight he nodded in a dignified manner. He posed while my wife and I took several good snapshots of him.

"I went up to give him a small token of thanks and was surprised when, after looking at me a moment, he said: 'English?'

"No," I replied, "American."

"Ah! American!" he cried. "Me America," he continued, pointing toward himself. "New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, St. Louis. Six months Barnum & Bailey." He smiled all over as he took what I offered him, then bowing in a dignified fashion he went off, casting his eyes toward the sky and clanking his cymbals as he went.

"The next morning we went to the market again. Suddenly again we heard the cymbals clashing, and saw the crowd part, and almost prostrate itself, and in a second our dervish friend of the day before appeared again, his eyes drowsily cast toward heaven.

"We were sitting on our donkeys and watching him in some curiosity as he neared us. Just as he got opposite he turned his head in our direction. He caught my eye and the lid of his left optic closed in one long, eloquent wink."

A Dry Occasion.

Brook, Ind., where George Ade practices gentleman farming, is right in the middle of the teetotal belt of Indiana.

Last summer, one broiling hot day, a man came along in an automobile, having just patched up a puncture outside of Brook.

He ran into the little village and saw a native standing in front of the general store. He stopped his machine and went up to the native.

"Say, brother," he said, "will you tell me where I can get a good, cold bottle of beer around here?"

The native took the automobilist by the arm out to the middle of the road, pointed down his dusty length, and said: "The nearest place is 50 miles right down that road."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

About Egypt.

The total area of Egypt proper is about 480,000 square miles, of which however, only some 14,000 square miles are arable. The population exceeds 10,000,000, the density of the settled part thus surpassing that of any other land on earth, Belgium not excepted. This superiority of Egypt as an agricultural country is owing to the equable climate; the possibility of carrying on farming all the year round, a constant supply of water and, as a consequence of the Nile overflow, a natural and perpetual richness of the soil, which does away with the great cost of fertilization.

For the Scandalmonger.

The Orleans museum has just been enriched with a curious relic of the past which some workmen in making excavations in the city came across. It is a stone representing a grinning figure, showing the teeth, the countenance being repellent enough. In this way the loquacious woman, the scandalmonger, was brought to her senses. The stone, suspended by a chain, was placed round her neck, and so accoutred she was compelled to walk round the town in which she lived. The stone is supposed to date about the sixteenth century.

No Chance for Fraud.

Jones (to friend who is showing his collection of "old masters")—How do you know they are originals?

Friend—Oh, I was too smart to play into the hands of a dealer. I bought 'em myself right on the spot.—Judge.

TOO MUCH FOR EASTERNER

Pilgrim Was Looking for Iron Springs, But That Story Was More Than He Could Stand.

He was a weary, thin and sorrow-looking American, who had never been so far west before, and when he struck Carson City he hailed the first native he met.

"Can you tell me, sir, if there are any mineral springs about here?"

"From the east?" asked the westerner.

"Yes."

"Come here fer yer health?"

"Yes."

"Tried everything, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Tried sulphur springs?"

"Yes. Didn't help me a bit."

"Been to Arkansas?"

"Yes, and everywhere else."

"What kind of water are you looking for now?"

"Well, no kind in particular. I was told, though, that I'd find a variety of springs out here."

"Going to locate?"

"That depends."

"Well, stranger I have got just what you want. A vacant lot in the best part of the city. Finest iron springs in the country. Go and see for yourself."

"But how do you know it's iron?" queried the easterner.

"Well, pardner, I drove my horse through it and he came out with iron shoes on his feet. And that ain't all. I drove some pigs down there to drink. They turned into pig iron, and I sold them to the iron foundry. Just what you want. For sale, cheap. Why, halloo! What's the matter?"

The weary easterner had turned abruptly and was walking off up the road.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Why England Believes in a King.

The great majority of Englishmen of all grades and opinions do undoubtedly believe in a king, and think they have some fairly good reasons for doing so.

The great reason, of course, is that on the whole the system works, or seems to work, fairly well. It is very costly. Everything included, it probably costs ten times as much as the average man thinks; and if a rate were levied for the purpose on him, he might feel it and begin to grumble. But the money is derived from the duchies, or voted from the taxes, and nobody feels the pinch or even knows the difference. It is a rallying point for all kinds of senseless anachronisms and abuses. But in an old country many things have a better chance of continued existence by being old than by being good, and an abuse comes to be esteemed almost when its hairs are gray and its years many. It promotes snobbery and creates snobs, though it will not be supposed to be unpopular on that account.—The Congregationalist.

To Save Alcott Home.

Efforts are being made to inaugurate a movement for the preservation of the old Alcott homestead in Concord, Mass., where Bronson Alcott lived and died and where Louisa Alcott created the immortal children that ran through the pages of "Little Men" and "Little Women." The place at present is fast falling into hopeless decay and action must be started soon if it is to be preserved at all. "Perhaps if Miss Alcott had been dead two centuries instead of only about 30 years her former home would not be in such a dangerous plight as it is today," said a New York woman who is trying to interest others in its preservation. "But by and by Miss Alcott will have been dead 200 years and if Orchard house is not saved now American soil in future generations will be the poorer for our neglect. We never shall raise a harvest of ancient associations for our land unless we take care of the associations while they still are comparatively modern."

A Different Sort of Doctor.

Dr. Charles Harris, the well-known Canadian musician and composer, tells an amusing story about himself.

While he was on his way to South Africa, he desired to keep his identity a secret. During the voyage one of the passengers managed to get into conversation with the musician, and asked him if he would medically examine his little girl who was with him on the boat.

"My dear sir," replied Dr. Harris, "I have never examined a child in my life."

Ten minutes later, he overheard the passenger say, in the smoking-room: "There you are; didn't I say that man was a fraud?"

The Girl Grad.

Mark Twain was a firm believer in the higher education of woman, but Hartford still remembers a speech he made one June to a platform of Hartford girl graduates.

This speech, a humorous attack on the college girl, ended:

"Go forth. Fall in love. Marry. Set up housekeeping. And then, when your husband wants a shirt ironed, send out for a gridiron to do it with."

Metaphorically Speaking.

"What do you think of these new palaces I have been rearing?" asked Mr. Dustin Stax.

"Magnificent," replied the cynic.

"Yet," he proceeded with a visible effort to be modest, "this earthly pomp reminds me that all the world is a stage."

"Right. And the modern tendency is to make up with the fine scenery for bad acting."

ON THE SKYSCRAPER

STRENUOUS LIFE IS THAT OF THE IRONWORKER.

Well-Styled "Cowboys of the Skies," the Men Who Erect City's Tall Buildings Always Have the Crowds.

In the past they were a boisterous, swashbuckling lot. They floated from New Orleans to Vancouver, lived in freight cars, built bridges and dropped off of them with a grin and a choking "good-by." A hero among them was a man who had the longest fall to his credit, or who could toss a white-hot rivet the greatest distance. They lived hard and died easily. Today they know that a man stands highest on the pay roll who takes his work and its danger most seriously, who also watches the man next to him—for in this calling one man's error often means another's life, Harper's Weekly says.

Even so the bridgeworker of today has not lost his romantic side. He is still the cavalier of the workaday world. See him now, clinging like a fly to the top rim of that lofty derrick, or swaying in midair with one leg wound carelessly about a dangling cable, or standing upright alongside a dizzy column, hundreds of feet above the ground, with nothing more substantial under his clinging toe than an inch-wide bolt! The plumber laying pipes in the dark basement gets just as high a wage and his work is quite as important. But the ironworker gets the eyes of the crowd and knows it. "Cowboys of the skies" they have been styled, and aptly so. They have many characteristics in common with their brethren of the plains. They love a dare and a scampering race. Often they make and have them—when the boss is not watching. Just recently two skyscrapers in New York raced up side by side—a veritable Marathon of the skies!—and prodigies of daring and foolhardiness were done by the rival gangs facing each other across the intervening side-street. They stole each other's hats and wrenches as they sailed up atop the loads of iron, danced jiggling hornpipes on the ends of projecting beams, tried to "best" each other taking chances amid the pandemonium of whip-snapping cables and swinging iron.

They affect extravagances and peculiarities of dress. That athletic-looking fellow with the grimy face and hands appears on idle Sundays in white flannels and silk hose. The man beside him is a favorite at bridge-men's dances and has been known to wear and grace a frock-coat. They made no serious complaints over the new order of things—the rush of the work. "Sure," said one, "it's all right, only it's over nowadays before you get your second wind."

Said another: "This going up at a story a day interferes with me social life. On that 13th street building there was a hotel within arm's reach, and one day I got to talking with a pretty maid—through a window. Next day I had to talk down to her and next I had to yell to her, and in two days more I had to say good-by."

"Good-by!" says she. "Sorry to see you go; but I'll introduce you to my friend Katie who works on the tenth floor."

Be Cheerful.

Engraved faces are more often the result of habit than the marks of Time, that professional etcher, who usually receives all the credit for feminine ugliness. Woman is not content with expressing herself in words; she must needs make little noses and funny faces to give completion to her ideas. If you wall about your lack of beauty, watch yourself for one short day. You will be surprised to find what wonderful things you will do with your own face. If countenances were not so substantially built they would sooner show the wear and tear imposed upon them.

Wrinkles and lines are indexes to one's life book. The fretter has a signboard on her forehead and she advertises her profession of official worry by growing box plaits between her eyes, by allowing her mouth to droop at the corners and by taking on the plaintive portrait of misery in which she really rejoices.

But the optimist, the individual of good cheer and laughter, sails serenely along the high seas of existence with a smooth, nicely ironed face, which makes her remain so young that she never really outgrows her happy days of mud pies and pinafores.—Woman's Life.

Sovereigns Who Died on Saturday. Authorities on things supernatural may be able to explain why Saturday has been a fatal day to the rulers of England. William III died on Saturday, March 8, 1702; Queen Anne on Saturday, August 1, 1714; George II on Saturday, October 25, 1760; George III, on Saturday, January 29, 1820; George IV on Saturday, June 26, 1830. George I just missed Saturday by two hours, dying at 2 a. m. on Sunday, and the late King Edward breathed his last just a quarter of an hour before midnight, Friday night, May 6.

Not to Be Led.

Clerk—You told me not long ago to lead a better life, sir.

Employer—I believe I did.

Clerk—I want to lead your daughter to the altar.

Employer—Impossible, young man! If you go to the altar with her you follow; I know her better than that.—Boston Herald.



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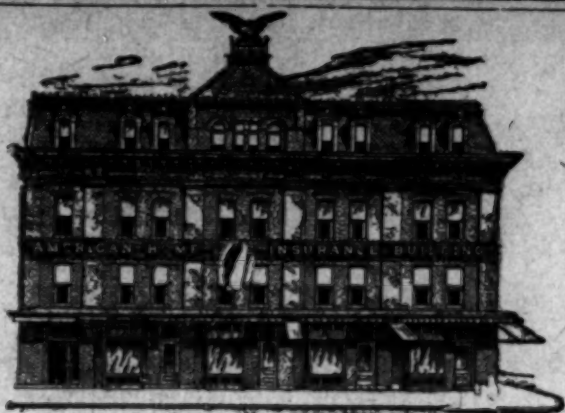
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There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating \$3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes—these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars—will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores, and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY—RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1.) Complexion Wonder Cream will

1109 Eye St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR

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NEGRO SUFFRAGE AN ISSUE.

Under the above caption, and as a special from Austin, Tex., the white dailies throughout the country carried the following news item on the 2d. inst.:

"A resolution was introduced in the Legislature to-day requesting the Texas Congressmen and Senators to work for the repeal of the 15th amendment to the Federal Constitution. The resolution recites that in order to purify politics it is necessary to take the right of suffrage away from the negro. Action on the resolution was postponed until to-morrow."

Granting, for the sake of argument, and with some degree of truth, that the Republican party in these latter days have not been as instant as formerly for the preservation of the rights of their loyal black allies, those of the race who advocate a division on our vote, in order to punish the Republican party, can find little consolation in the above account of a resolution in the Democratic Legislature of Texas. If the lily-white Republicans of the South are not solicitous for our vote, or for our rights, under the constitution, the Democratic party of the South offers no asylum, for the reason that it still insists, after a half century has passed since recognition was given our rights, that the right of suffrage should be denied us.

If by any hook or crook the Democratic party should secure control of the National Congress, we may expect to see introduced and enacted into the law of the land a resolution calling for the repeal of the 15th amendment to the Federal Constitution, and once more making serfs of our race. The white man, perhaps, can be an insurgent to the point where he will insurge clear out of his party, but with the Democratic party South (and the majority of that party is in the South) demanding a repeal of the 15th amendment, the Negro cannot, and dare not, in the interest of self-preservation, insurge from the Republican party. The Democratic party is unalterably opposed to Negro suffrage.

DIVIDE?
It amuses The Bee when it sees in the daily press that the colored agitators are urging a division of the colored vote. It is more amusing when it sees what a bombastic stand that is being assumed by the colored politicians. They claim to be politicians, but are they? A politician will take some kind of ground, if not for his own benefit, he will for those he wants to use. But does the colored politician take a stand? He declares that he will not support any party; or, to be more emphatic, he will not support either the Republican or Democratic party. The Democratic managers are looking on in disgust and say that these Negroes want to sell. The Bee wants to inform these Democratic managers that these auctioneers may sell, but they can't deliver.

There are some people in this country who say that they have a great deal of property and have the right to sell it. Well, when they go to deliver, this is where the rub is. It seems that the colored man is an eyesore to the Democratic party. If there was nothing in the colored American these Democratic Legislatures would not attempt to legislate him out of existence. The Bee advises the colored voter not to be deceived. There is nothing in the Democratic party but brutality and discrimination. The Demo-

cratic party offers nothing, but is doing everything to destroy the usefulness and the citizenship of colored Americans.

These colored men who are forever agitating a division of the colored vote at this time are either insane or fools. There was a time when it was safe for colored men to divide. That time has past. The Democratic party has knocked down all the pins that the Republican party set up for the colored man, and what these insane Negroes are thinking of when they advise their people to forsake the party that gave them liberty, The Bee is unable to state.

When the Democratic party has done something, or when it has been purged of its damnable rascality and demagogery, then the colored American can give it consideration, and not until then. What has the colored man suffered South under Democratic rule? What is it endeavoring to do now? If you want a second hell, go to Texas. The recent cowardly murder of innocent colored Americans in that State is an evidence of what respect the Democratic party has for the colored man. Divide the colored vote, and for what?

THE INDEPENDENT MOVEMENT.

There are some people in this country who imagine that loud talking and imaginary figures make an orator. If you could have heard the address of Rev. I. N. Ross, of the Metropolitan Church, last Tuesday evening at True Reformers' Hall, when he declared that the colored people could not be fooled in supporting the Howard Theater, the conclusion would have been that the would-be orator was lost for something to say.

Does Rev. Ross mean to infer that Mr. W. H. Smith, the manager of the Howard Theater, is not a colored man? Does he want the owners of the Howard to appoint a man as black as he (Rev. Ross) is to satisfy his vanity? Mr. Smith, the manager, is a gentleman and an up-to-date business man. The great trouble with some black colored men, as well as some half-white colored men, is they continue to make faces at one another. What has the independence of the colored man in politics got to do with the Howard Theater and its manager? If Rev. Ross would study oration and pronounce the word massacre and not "massacre," etc.; if he would fall more in love with the King's English and not attempt to make a mockery of oratory and imaginary figures and use sound logic, he would do justice to himself.

The speeches of Revs. Corrothers, Waldron, Messrs. Neal and Newsom were to a great extent timely. If the Republican managers don't care what becomes of the colored vote, it is not necessary to pay any attention to this movement. These men don't ask the colored voter to join the Republican or Democratic party, but to support men.

EYES UPON US.

The eyes of the thespian world are just now upon the Negroes of Washington. They are riveted upon the magnificent New Howard Theater, a playhouse designed to accommodate the Negro and the white man on an equality, without reference to color, and with no discrimination in the seating of them. If the one hundred thousand Negroes of this city fail to give the Howard a paying patronage, depend upon it that conditions in this country, especially with reference to amusement accommodations, will not improve, but on the contrary, will grow decidedly worse. If the Negro patronizes the Howard as he should, and as the house and its promoters deserve, The Bee confidently believes that conditions will improve, in so far as amusement accommodations are concerned, throughout the country. The white theaters of this city, those who insist on shoving the Negro attendants up in the peanut gallery, predicted, and now predict, that the Howard will be a failure. If it is, the loss financially to its builders will be infinitesimal to the loss the race will suffer here and throughout the country.

We urge, and urge with all the vigor at our command, that the race patronize the Howard, and patronize it well, for all eyes are upon us.

OUR SCHOOLS.

The Bee will be glad when the teachers in the colored public schools will feel safe and free to act as the teachers in the white schools. The Bee ventures the assertion that the superintendents of the white schools don't continue

to nag, browbeat and find fault with their teachers and overlook meritorious teachers. The Bee has every confidence in the members of the Board of Education to the extent that they will remedy any wrong that has been inflicted upon worthy and deserving teachers in our schools. For almost a quarter of a century the colored schools ran smoothly under the superintendency of Mr. George F. T. Cook. Not an iota of scandal was ever attached to his garments. His successor, Prof. Montgomery, had the confidence and respect of his teachers, and to-day he stands prominent in their estimation.

The Bee sees no reason why our teachers should work under such a strain, fear and intimidation. If the Board of Education wants to see good results in our schools, place a man at their head in whom the people and the teachers have confidence. The colored teachers have faith and confidence in Mr. Stuart and believe that the Board of Education is being imposed upon.

TAFT AND ROOSEVELT.

President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt may be on the outs, but there must be more evidence of it than there seems to exist to-day. Both men have the politicians guessing. Both, however, stand for the South being let alone on the colored question. The South will never be satisfied, as we have said heretofore, no matter what the administration may do. The South is angry. The South has the colored Americans where they cannot extricate themselves. The South, notwithstanding the suppression of the colored race, is not happy. What can the Southern colored man hope? Let's see:

1st. The South has suppressed the colored vote.

2d. The Southern Democrats have all the offices.

All of these privileges having been given to the South, it is not happy. If President Taft fails to be re-nominated and ex-President Roosevelt is, the South will remain in the same condition. The South is like the spots upon the leopard's back—they can never be changed. All that may be done for the South, it will remain until a man strong enough rises and enforces the laws.

THE COLORED VOTE.

The agitators want to deliver the colored vote to some one or to some party. Which party will be his choice? What person will put up the largest amount of color vote, regardless of principles? In the first place, the colored vote is not for sale, and no set of men can deliver it to any one or any party. The Democratic party doesn't want it and the Republican party has never deserted it, no matter what the enemies of the party may say. The colored vote cannot be purchased by the Democratic party. There are a few colored men who are up for sale and can be purchased at any price.

CONFUSION.

The Philadelphia Tribune is of the opinion that The Bee is politically confused. The Bee has never been confused on politics or men. The Tribune was born in an age of confusion, and confused has been the brain of the editor of that paper. He doesn't know whether to support the independents in his State or the regulars. The Bee has always stood for the principles of the Republican party, because they have always meant universal freedom for the colored Americans.

Ohio, according to a Cleveland special in our last week's issue, has elected four colored members of the Republican State Executive Committee. One of them, Mr. Flemming, the special says, is the "leading politician in Ohio." Mr. Flemming should ask to be saved from his press agent. A mere politician is in disrepute these days, and it is no credit to a man, but rather a reflection, to refer to him as a "politician."

NO MORE ROSS.

Just such rot as that of Dr. Ross at the meeting of the Independent Political League last Tuesday night is the cause of the condition of the colored people. Let us know what the Negro ministry has done for the colored people. Let us know what it is doing, but drawing salaries. The Howard Theater has all colored employees, from manager down, who is an up-to-date man. If Dr. Ross wants a Negro theater, let him start one and let him be the first to contribute some money. The Bee ventures the assertion that he would not contribute a cent; and the sooner such men as he get out of the town the better

it will be for him. The Negro pulpit will not do itself and it abuses others who are doing. We want no more Ross.

THE TEXAS RACE RIOT.

What the Leading Newspapers Had to Say On It.

Perhaps the best way to bring the American people to a proper sense of the enormity of such mob outbreaks as recently occurred near Palestine, Texas, suggests the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, would be for the Powers of Europe to "unite in an emphatic protest to Washington against the lynchings, burnings, and massacres of innocent people which are taking place in some parts of this country." Although the press dispatches telling of this particular outbreak are very meager and conflicting as to details, it seems that at least a score of Negroes have been killed by a band of armed whites. While the parties accounts told of a pitched battle between the two races, with many casualties on both sides, according to later accounts furnished by the Associated Press, it was not race war, but "just murder." To quote from the news columns of the New York Sun:

"The slaughter of the Negroes was not the result of any race war, although the feeling which the wholesale killing engendered threatened for a time to cause an uprising on the part of the Negroes of the two communities."

"Mobs of white men started out early Friday night and rode from cabin to cabin calling out the Negroes who had been marked for the slaughter and shot them down in their tracks. This work continued all Friday night, and with the dawning of a new day the lust of the mobs for blood seemed to increase."

"Negroes were shot and killed upon the highways and in the fields where they were working, despite the prayers they made that their lives be spared."

"While twenty dead bodies of victims have been found scattered along the roads and over the country, it may never be definitely known how many more Negroes were murdered in out-of-the-way places where their bodies may never be found."

"So far as learned the Negroes who were killed offered no resistance to the mob."

"The wholesale slaughter of Negroes was brought about by the report that reached the ears of the white men of the Slocum community that secret meetings of the blacks had been held at which plans were formulated for burning the barns and residences of certain white citizens."

According to other stories, the trouble originated in a quarrel between a white man and a Negro who failed to pay a note indorsed by the former.

The Texas authorities are given full credit for taking prompt measures to suppress the outbreak, and to find and punish the guilty whites. Sheriff Black, of Anderson County, where the slaughter occurred, is reported as making this statement:

"I found the greatest excitement. Men were killing Negroes as fast as they could find them, and so far as I have been able to ascertain without any real cause. These Negroes have never done anything that I could discover. There was just a hot-headed gang hunting them down and killing them."

"We found eleven dead bodies, but from what I have heard the dead must number fifteen or twenty. We came across four bodies in one house on a marsh between Denson Springs and Slocum."

"One Negro had been killed at this house the night before, and three were sitting up with the remains, one of them being old and white-haired. These three were killed right where they were. So far as I can learn the Negroes were not armed."

"I sent two deputies out through that country to collect all the arms they could find in the houses of Negroes. They made a thorough search, but found only nine single-barreled shotguns, none of which seemed to have been fired lately, and about thirty shells, all loaded with small shot."

"We found two negroes in the road that had been shot about 10 o'clock the night before last. It was evident that at the time they were killed they were trying to get out of the country, for they had their bundles of clothes with them."

"This story is indeed 'a pitiful one,' says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, 'and puts the slaughter in a very bad light,' and it adds:

"White supremacy is in danger nowhere in Texas, so far as we have been informed, and at this distance we know of no other cause adequate to condone the horrible slaughter which is reported."

red Sioux warriors on white men."

The Memphis Commercial Appeal, while regretting such an outbreak in the South, advises Eastern people to "remember their own troubles, and not be too severe in the condemnation of the Texas tragedy."

The New York World wonders "what account of the trouble would come out of Palestine if the surviving black men could write the press dispatches," and The Globe takes it upon itself to deliver the following lecture to the people of the South:

"How long are right-minded and civilized citizens of the Southern States going to permit this sort of business to go on? They can stop it when they genuinely wish so to do. They can stop it by apprehending and hanging a few of the murderers. They can stop it by frowning on the insensate negro-phobia that they have hitherto tolerated if not encouraged. Such things can not be allowed without in the end bringing punishment in their train. The Negroes ultimately will be driven to try and defend themselves, and they number 10,000,000. The black race has been remarkably docile under the wrongs which it has suffered, but it is not safe to push them beyond endurance. The worst enemy of the South is the professional Negro-hater who indiscriminately assails a race for the misdeeds of a few of its members. Such events as have occurred in Texas are the natural result of the feeling he fosters, and it will take generations to obliterate the memory of them."

"Cruel is the irony and deep is the disgrace of the Palestine outbreak on Christian and democratic America," declares the New York Age (colored); "every American who has a care for his native land should consider the remedy for this constant reversal to barbarism." The one consolation of the outraged race, according to this Negro editor, is that while "the Negro will not become discouraged and will continue his progress, Southern whites are each day becoming more lazy, more licentious, more criminal, and farther behind and comparatively few in numbers."

SHALL OKLAHOMA JOIN THE SOLID SOUTH?

In adopting the Taylor Amendment, "The Grandfather Clause," to the Constitution, Oklahoma has justified the hopes of its enemies. It has proven that in its makeup and intentions it is a Southern instead of a Western State; and the ambition of the present administration seems to be to line it up with the Bourbon Democracy.

The adoption of the Grandfather Clause is a step backward. It is a thrust at all efforts the Negro has made these forty-five years to make a man of himself, to rise in the scale of civilization, and to develop the best within him.

It is up to us to fight this measure to the last ditch, at whatever cost to us. Therefore we should understand the import of this measure.

It seems that the fair proposition would have been to disfranchise the fellow who had a grandfather who could read and write, and whose son could not, and place a premium upon the fellow whose father could not read and write, and whose son had overcome these conditions.

The Grandfather Clause is a national issue, from the fact that should the law stand the test in Oklahoma, other Southern States will adopt the same law; and from this source the Negro will lose a very large per cent of his voting strength—the power which has kept him safe in the affairs of the country.

Taking the attitude of the administration seriously, Mr. Taft said, in outlining his policy toward the South, that he would appoint no Negroes to important offices in communities where a large body of the whites objected. He stated that this was in pursuance of what he believed to be the best policy for the preservation of friendly relations between the races. Growing out of this policy, he declined to appoint Dr. Crum to be collector of the port of Charleston, S. C. Upon this policy he recently appointed Henry S. Jackson, a white man, collector of Internal Revenue in Georgia, in place of H. A. Rucker, a Negro, who had already held the office. The South regards this step as a friendly act from the administration, tending to remove what they term "The Black Peril."

The Republican party in Texas has just announced that it is now a body for white men, and that only white men shall hold office in the organization. As a result, the Negroes of the State of Texas are organizing with a proposition to join with the Democrats.

Under the Grandfather Clause the Negro stands no chance as against such a test. He may be highly educated; but since the election boards are made up of white men, he is invariably disqualified, the ignorant whites apparently meet the requirements.

The St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press of Saturday, August 13, in an editorial, had this to say:

"There is a question if Oklahoma's Grandfather Clause would stand the test of the courts. The real purpose of it is so imperfectly hidden that it is almost certain a court of review would hold it a nullity; but the trouble is to get it before such a court. The Negroes of the State apparently lack the means or the spirit necessary to a prolonged legal fight."

The above clipping is significant from the fact that it calls our attention to a condition. In spite of what others may do in our favor and for us, we are expected to show to the world that we are awake to our interest, and for that reason, if for no other, this convention at Boley, Thursday, September 8, has been called, that every citizen of Negro descent may have a voice and a vote in his own behalf.

We Are Boosters, Not Knockers.

This meeting is in no way antagonistic to the efforts of others, at Guthrie and elsewhere which have been put forth to reach the same results; but we must bear in mind the fact that there are forty thousand Socialist voters who gave us their support, to say nothing of the many others

ers of various faith and denominations who may or may not be Republicans. 2-BEE

Some of them do not vote with any party. Without any party affiliations there were a large number of people in the State who voted with us, and against the Grandfather Clause, for the reason that they were good citizens and believed that it is only right that we should have our rights as American citizens, to vote and have that vote counted as any other citizen.

Our reason for calling the meeting at Boley is that this is an exclusively Negro town, and a place where we could have all the protection desired, in that we could talk and act freely without having those on the outside to know what we were doing and saying. We believe that it is only fair that all our big conventions should be held in our own Negro towns. To do this bespeaks harmony in purpose, and is the very evidence of our sincerity. We are sure the good people of Boley will make ample preparation to entertain the visiting delegates, and that every effort will be exerted by those interested in this movement to make this a big meeting.

The representation by counties will be upon a basis of one delegate for every three hundred of Negro population, which will be as follows:

Atoka	8
Blaine	5
Bryan	9
Caddo	5
Carter	14
Cherokee	4
Choctaw	14
Craig	5
Creek	7
Garvin	14
Grady	6
Hughes	6
Kingfisher	9
Leflore	7
Lincoln	11
Logan	28
Love	4
McClain	4
McCurain	13
McIntosh	18
Muskogee	55
Nowata	7
Okfuskee	27
Oklahoma	32
Okmulgee	20
Payne	6
Pittsburg	18
Pottawatomie	7
Seminole	14
Sequoyah	11
Wagoner	30
Tulsa	9

It is expected that those to whom this call is sent will get active at once in their respective counties and prepare for a mass meeting in their counties to select delegates in time to send a list of delegates elected to our Muskogee office by September 4, so that proper arrangements can be made for the delegates before they reach Boley.

Each county is entitled to a staff of officers usual in such organizations, such as president, secretary, treasurer, and executive committee, who are supposed to have authority to direct the affairs of their counties and prepare for a mass meeting in their counties to select delegates in time to send a list of delegates elected to our Muskogee office by September 4, so that proper arrangements can be made for the delegates before they reach Boley.

It is the purpose of this organization to place every Negro in the State in immediate touch with every other one in so far as the intentions of the organization are concerned. In order to accomplish results it is necessary to do this, and it is expected that the officers of each county organization keep as near a complete list of the Negro voters in their counties as possible, so that in case it should be necessary to reach them, time will be saved by having this information at hand at all times.

Address all communications to A. G. W. Sango, chairman, Box 1487, Muskogee, Okla. Ernest D. Lynwood, secretary.

FRENCH ISLAND NEGROES BEST CANAL WORKERS.

Haiti and Martinique Blacks Excel all Others With Pick and Shovel.

French Negroes from Haiti and Martinique excel all other classes of laborers in pick-and-shovel work on the Panama Canal. That is shown in a report to the War Department giving the results of recent practical tests of the value of the various classes of laborers employed in excavating rock and earth for the channel through the Gatun lake region. The work was done on the "task" system—that is, the laborers were paid according to the amount of material they excavated.

All kinds of laborers were employed. White Spaniards and Italians recruited in Colon were taken to Bohio. According to the report they were willing and intelligent, but weak and slow, and were able to earn just about enough from daybreak to sunset to keep them alive. Native Panamanians, men of the class that excelled on the clearing recently completed by contract, did not find the work of digging profitable.

Negroes from the British West Indies worked in teams, and the report says, did well enough, but they could earn very little more than the 10 cents gold an hour that the commission pays on regular work. The French Negroes from Haiti and Martinique did better than any of the others. They also worked in teams, some loading while others dumped the cars. They made \$1.50 gold a day in six hours of actual work day after day. The report says that they are well nourished, work as rapidly as the English Negro, and keep up their speed all day. "They are also reliable," says the report, "returning to work every day and keeping at it regardless of rain."

The Negroes of Nashville, Tenn., are seriously thinking of leaving the Grand Old Party. They declare that since the Republicans have put Mr. Napier, the only colored man, off the State committee, they consider this an outrage. They are tired of broken promises.

Dr. Patterson and a party of friends in the South were ejected from a Pullman car at Earle, Ark., although they had Pullman tickets. They were objected to on account of their color. The railroad officials refused to act, on account of inter-State law.



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Miss Emma B. Hall, of 1529 Fifth street northwest, has returned to the city after a pleasant stay in Middle-land, Va.

Mrs. Hattie Ricks Tayloe, who has been the guest of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. James H. Lee, left the city this week for Richmond, Va., enroute to her home in Columbus, Ga.

Dr. C. A. Gordon, of Philadelphia, Pa., who was here attending the N. M. A. visited his sister and brother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Moore, of Roanoke, Va., before returning to his home.

Mrs. Julia M. Layton has returned to the city after an enjoyable trip in the West.

Recorder of Deeds Henry Lincoln Johnson went South last week.

Attorney Thomas L. Jones, after a delightful stay in Atlantic City, Cape May and Long Branch, N. J., returned to the city with his family last Thursday.

Miss Clarice Jones will leave for her school next week.

Attorney Horatio Peyton, who has been out of the city on a vacation, has returned. The afflicted son of Attorney Peyton is a genius. He has a dramatic turn of mind. Already he has written one or two plays.

Prof. and Mrs. W. O. Clayton and family, of Norfolk, Va., expect to make this city their future home.

Mrs. Portia Pittman had as her guest Miss Gertrude Watkins, of Montgomery, Ala., last week.

Mr. W. C. Robinson, who has been visiting friends in Savannah, Ga., has returned to the city.

Miss R. A. Boston has returned to the city after a pleasant trip to Niagara Falls and other points East.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jenkins, of this city, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Roberts, of Indianapolis, Ind.

The Misses E. Passey and R. Gordon, of this city, are stopping at the Spray View Hotel, in Salisbury, N. J.

Mrs. Estelle Jordan and Mrs. Henrietta Boone, of this city, are visiting Mrs. C. W. Jordan in Suffolk, Va.

Mrs. Erma Northern, of Norfolk, Va., is visiting Mrs. Fannie Guy in this city.

Mrs. Mamie C. Moore is now in Baltimore, Md., where she will reside during the winter with her sister, Mrs. Sarah J. James.

Miss Pearl Lewis has returned to the city after a pleasant trip West, where she was the recipient of many social events.

Mr. Lester A. Walton, the dramatic editor of the New York Age, attended the opening of the New Howard Theater in this city.

Mr. J. R. Bennett is at Niagara Falls. He is having a delightful time.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryn, of Smart Set, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Mitchell, father and mother of Mrs. Bryn.

Miss Mary E. Willson has arrived in Atlantic City, N. J.

Dr. John R. Francis could not return to Arundel-on-the-Bay last week on account of being too busy.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Horner will spend a few weeks in the mountains of Virginia.

Ex-Recorder J. C. Dancy has gone East on special business.

Mrs. Carrie B. Rivers, of Savannah, is the guest of friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Brown, of Yonkers, N. Y., entertained a number of friends last week in honor of Mrs. and Miss Carol of this city.

Among the Washingtonians seen on the boardwalk in Atlantic City were Miss Mary Wilson, Mrs. M. A. Lee and daughter, Miss Ellen; Miss Sally Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. John Butcher, Mr. J. Moria Saunders and Miss E. Fleetwood.

Mr. Harold G. Truher has resumed his duties in the Postoffice in Philadelphia after a pleasant visit to this city.

Miss Anna E. Bell, of this city, has returned after a pleasant visit to Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. and Mrs. E. L. Webster are visiting friends at Mt. Holly, N. J.

Dr. U. J. Daniels, of this city, has been the guest of his cousin, Mrs. J. Barrett, of Darby, Pa.

Mrs. Julia A. Lee, of 1815 L street northwest, accompanied by Mrs. David Watson, is in Atlantic City. Before returning she will visit New York and Boston.

Miss Jessie C. Mason left the city Monday for New York City, where she will be the guest of her cousin, Mrs. J. D. Younger, 196 West 134th street.

Mrs. Mattie Taylor Davis and little son William, of 2250 12th street northwest, are spending three weeks at Asbury Park at the Hulbert House.

Mrs. Annie M. Folkes is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Carter, of North 25th street, Richmond, Va.

Miss Marion Brent is visiting her cousin, Miss Rebecca Dickerson, in Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Fannie Davis, accompanied by her accomplished daughter, Miss Ruth, of Richmond, Va., are visiting here.

On Friday evening, Aug. 26, Miss Norma E. Sewell, who is visiting

friends in Richmond, Va., was tendered a reception by Pythian Castle, a club of young ladies.

Mrs. W. S. Savoy and son Leonard have returned from a delightful visit to Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

Mrs. Addie T. Richmond has returned to her home in Richmond, Va., after spending several weeks here.

Mrs. George Wilson has just returned from a very pleasant trip to Maryland.

Miss Daisy Critchton left the city last Saturday to visit friends in New York City.

Miss Violet A. Kibble returned to this city Friday morning of last week from a very pleasant stay in Northumberland County, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Thomas are visiting at Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Henry D. Mason has returned to this city after spending the early part of the week with his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Johnson, in Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Bessie Siebert, who has been boarding at Summit Point, Va., for two weeks, has returned to this city.

Mrs. Maria Randolph returned Saturday last from a two weeks' trip North and East, visiting relatives and friends, among whom was a sister, Mrs. Lucy Carter, of Boston; a brother, Mr. Robert Washington, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; her niece, Miss Louise Washington, who is spending the summer at Mt. Clair, N. J., and Mrs. Sloane, of Princeton, N. J. At Princeton Mrs. Randolph joined her daughter, Miss Leonora Randolph and Miss Mary Ellen Randolph, who returned home with their mother. Mrs. Randolph was accompanied during her trip by her daughter, Miss Rachel Randolph.

After the 5 and 10 cent theatre, between the acts, and at all hours, ice cream soda is now all the rage, especially that snappy, cold, pure, delicious kind that is served at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W. It is made right, served right, tastes right, and is right.

Mr. John Wright and family are spending a pleasant summer at Hamburg, Va.

Miss Ellen Boiling has returned home after spending a pleasant stay at Elkwood, Va.

Miss Zellaca C. Wooding has been sojourning at Asbury Park, Philadelphia, Atlantic City and Saratoga, N. Y.

Miss Marion Carroll has returned to her home in Baltimore after a pleasant stay in this city.

Mr. Nathaniel Robinson has returned to this city after spending a pleasant stay in Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Thomas Miller has returned to her home in Harrisburg, Pa., after being the ten-day guest of her niece and nephew, Miss Maggie Miller and Mr. Thomas Miller, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Syphax spent last week in Harrisburg, Pa.

Mrs. H. B. Quander has returned from a pleasant sojourn of two weeks in Harrisburg, Pa., visiting her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Carter.

Mrs. Mary Brown and daughter, of Detroit, Mich., are visiting here.

Mrs. Mesdames M. Lewis, Mary Taylor, M. Frazer, M. E. Miller, Miss Mary E. Bird and Sir Alex. Howard are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bird, of 607 Beaubien street, Detroit, Mich.

Dr. J. E. Shepard, of Durham, N. C., passed through the city last week enroute for New York.

Miss Lillian Robinson and Miss Blanche Cropp are the guests of friends in Atlantic City.

Mrs. S. A. McKinney, of 61 P street northwest, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Estelle Fendall, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Lucy J. Moten, of 12th street northwest, is in Brooklyn, N. Y., the guest of her sister and brother-in-law, Rev. and Mrs. I. Holland Powell. The New York Tribune paid Miss Moten a deserving compliment for the rendition of a vocal solo last week.

Assistant U. S. Attorney James A. Cobb has returned to the city from his Northern trip.

Mr. Joseph H. Jones, who has been dangerously ill, is steadily improving under Drs. Brooks and Williston. The many friends of Mr. Jones are very solicitous about him.

Mrs. Frank Payne has returned to her home in Denver, Colo., after a pleasant visit to this city and Virginia.

Miss Othelia Cromwell has returned to the city from New York, where she has been attending the Columbia College.

Miss Lizzie Ross, daughter of Dr. I. N. Ross, has returned to Cincinnati, where she teaches in the public school.

Rev. Sterling N. Brown and family have returned to Asbury Park.

Miss Alice Murray, a graduate of Howard University, has been appointed teacher in high school in Cairo, Ill.

Dr. J. B. Hyman was the guest of Mrs. J. Seldon, of Red Bank, N. J.

E. H. Brown, District Manager of the National Benefit Association, has returned to the city after a pleasant stay in Red Bank, N. J.

Mr. R. H. Rutherford was seen at Coney Island last week.

Mr. Nathaniel Robinson has returned to the city after a pleasant visit to Richmond, Va., where he was the guest of Maj. John Y. Smith.

Mr. Lynn Balsley, of Winston, N. C., is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. J. M. Gandy, wife of Prof. Gandy, is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. Thomas Buckner, of this city, in company with Mrs. Joseph E. Williams, of Boston, Mass., have been visiting friends in Asbury Park, N. J.

Miss Josephine Lawson, daughter of Prof. Jessie Lawson, was married in Oxford, England, to Prof. James Harley, of Antigua, B. W. I.

Miss Emily White, of Greenville, S. C., is the guest of friends in this city.

Mr. S. Burton, of this city, is visiting relatives in Charlotte, N. C.

Mrs. S. B. Washington and daughter, after a pleasant visit to this city, have returned to their home in Charlotte, N. C.

Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Jackson, pastor of Simpson Memorial M. E. Church, have returned to the city after spending several weeks in Virginia. Rev. Jackson preached before a large congregation.

It is said a son of Prof. J. M. Gregory, who recently graduated from Harvard University, will be an instructor at Howard University this term.

Mrs. Mary Pierce and children returned to the city Tuesday after a pleasant stay in Maryland.

Prof. W. S. Montgomery returned to the city this week after having spent some time in Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

Mr. Brynn and his wife, Mrs. Daisy Mitchell Brynn, of Smartset, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mitchell, 1901 Ninth street northwest.

Mrs. Mary E. Jones and her two daughters, Misses Clarice and Georgia, have returned to the city. They occupied at box at the Howard Theater Wednesday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. U. J. Daniels have returned from Niagara Falls after a pleasant stay of two weeks.

Mrs. E. M. Mercer and Mrs. M. Holland, of 1132 20th street northwest, are very sick. We wish them a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Stephen Fuller will be glad to see their many friends after Sept. 15 inst.

Miss Pearl M. Barbour and Mr. Bert Marchant, of Howard University, were married Wednesday, Aug. 31. They are living at 1506 Pierce place northwest. Miss Barbour is connected with one of the leading families in the city and is a young lady of refinement and education. Mr. Marchant is a teacher in Howard University.

Dr. James E. Shepard arrived in the city from Norfolk, Va., Friday morning and left in the evening over the Southern for Greensboro, N. C.

Dr. Arthur S. Gray returned to the city from Atlantic City last Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brynn, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tribble, Miss Lillian Brown, Miss Lottie Jean, Messrs. Jas. Lightfoot and Clarence Red, of the Smart Set, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mitchell, 1901 Ninth street northwest.

Miss Jeannie Hillman, of the Smart Set, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. J. Malvin, of 11th and R streets northwest.

Mrs. Ada Overton Walker, of the Smart Set, is with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hudnell.

Mr. William A. Taylor, of this city, is visiting friends and relatives in New York City, while on his vacation.

Mr. Furman Brooks is spending his vacation at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Mrs. Lizzie Newton and her daughter Celestine left for an extensive trip to Niagara Falls, Canada, Thousand Islands and Atlantic City, N. J.

Dr. N. J. Kennedy, of Beaufort, S. C., who has been visiting in this city, has returned to his home after a pleasant stay in this city.

Miss Bessie Reed, a teacher in the graded school in Beaufort, S. C., has returned to her home after a pleasant visit to friends in this city.

Mr. John Brown, of this city, is visiting in Wadesboro, N. C.

Miss Julia Finch, who is a clerk in the Office of the Recorder of Deeds, is visiting friends in Denmark, S. C.

Mrs. B. F. Braxton and daughter Ethel, of Boston, Mass., are visiting relatives and friends in this city.

Miss Georgiana Brooks, a teacher in the public schools of this city, has returned from New Haven, Conn.

Miss Florence Thompson, of Indianapolis, Ind., is visiting in this city.

Mrs. Lizzie Robinson, of Keystone, W. Va., entertained Mr. Adams, of this city, last week at tea.

Among the Washingtonians who have been visiting in Atlanta, Ga., are Mr. John Fluellen, Mrs. W. H. Parker and Mrs. W. H. Partridge.

Among the Washingtonians who have been visiting in Boston are Mr. and Mrs. George Webster, Mrs. Anita R. Grandier, Mr. M. C. Wingfield and Mr. Lloyd G. Cuney.

Dr. David D. Thompson, formerly of Northampton street, Boston, has been very ill at his brother's residence in this city. Dr. S. S. Thompson, 952 R street northwest.

Mrs. Elizabeth Daniels, of Rosslyn, Va., the wife of Prof. R. J. Daniels, has returned home after a seven weeks' stay with Mrs. Grate L. Mahoney, of Allegheny, Pa. The friends of Mrs. Daniels were more than pleased at her return.

Mrs. Emma Adams, of 24 O street, had her sisters, Miss Cynthia Pettit and Mrs. Ralph Chatman, of Texas, as her guests.

Mrs. Martin, wife of Dr. Ulysses Martin, of 308 New York avenue northwest, was buried last Tuesday from her residence. Her death was quite a surprise to her friends, although she had been lingering some time.

West Washington Notes.
A large congregation at Mr. Zion M. E. Church greeted its pastor, Rev. D. W. Hayes, D. D., Sunday at each service, he having returned from New York, Virginia and other places of interest during his month's vacation. The evening services are now resumed, having been suspended during the month of August. Rev. George W. Jacobs was the acting pastor during the absence of the regular pastor.

The funeral of Mrs. George Bowditch, the wife of George Bowditch, an old and much-respected citizen of this place, and a member of Mt. Zion M. E. Church, took place Tuesday afternoon from the above-named church, and was largely attended. Rev. D. W.

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Hayes officiated. Interment at Mt. Zion Cemetery.

The wife and little daughter of the Rev. E. E. Ricks, pastor of First Baptist Church, Dumbarton avenue, whose illness was announced a few days ago while visiting friends in New York, are convalescing and have been unable to return home. The Rev. Ricks has the sympathy of his many friends and congregation.

Rev. D. Webster Davis delivered his famous lecture entitled "Scraps" to a large audience Monday evening at the First Baptist Church.

Rev. V. G. Leeper preached a special sermon to the Stewards Sunday evening. The congregation of Ebenezer A. M. E. Church is steadily increasing under the pastorate of Rev. Leeper.

The Patriarche and Odd Fellows Lodges are putting on their last touches, preparatory to attendance of B. M. C. next week, which convenes in Baltimore, Md., at which time many members will attend.

The following public school teachers, who have been out of town during the summer vacation, have returned and are ready for work: Misses H. H. Beason, Arrebellia Beason, Nellie Hurbert, Cloda Butler, Sadie Williams and Miss Sadie Gaskins.

Messrs. Charles H. Turner and James L. Turner have each been recently promoted in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

The National Religious Training School, Durham, N. C., offers an unusually strong course for young men who are preparing to enter the Christian ministry. There is always an inviting field for the trained minister. Lectures by distinguished men will be delivered throughout the entire course. It will be thorough in every particular. It will seek to combine the cardinal principles of religion and work.

One hundred young men are desired to enter this particular department.

The regular school term opens October 12, 1910.

All applications for admission must be made by September 15, 1910.

For further information address the President, National Religious Training School, Durham, N. C.

BAY NOTES.

Arundel-on-the-Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Moorland are in their new cottage at Arundel-on-the-Bay.

Mr. Alfred Lewis and family are numbered among the cottagers of Arundel.

Mrs. A. M. Curtis had as her guest this week at Camp Merrill, at Arundel-on-the-Bay, Mr. Pelham and sons and Dr. A. M. Brown, of Birmingham, Ala.

Dr. Brown is the only colored Surgeon in the U. S. Army, and was elected chairman of the Committee on Surgery at the convention of doctors recently held in Washington. At his home in Birmingham, Ala., he is one of the leading physicians, with a very large practice.

Mr. Williams, of the M Street High School, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tyson at Arundel-on-the-Bay.

The sad news of the death of Miss Grace Bowen (one of the cottagers of the Bay) at her home in Baltimore threw a bit of gloom over this little resort. Miss Bowen had been in charge of her parents' hotel at Arundel-on-the-Bay, and though so young, met with entire success.

Fairmont Heights.

On Monday, Sept. 5, Mrs. Clarence H. Hunt, of Addison avenue, Fairmont Heights, entertained at luncheon Miss Mazyck, of Charleston, S. C., who is visiting her niece, Mrs. Henry Pinkney, of Fairmont Heights.

Mrs. Pinkney was also a guest.

The Citizens' Association is doing well.

Mr. W. Sidney Pittman has returned from Durham.

Dr. Wiseman.

Dr. J. E. Wiseman is one man in this city who is doing his duty to

HOWARD THEATRE

7th & T Sts. N.W.

The Theatre for the People

Week of Sept. 12

HAWLEY ALCOTT & CO.

Present the Novelty Playlet

"Monday Afternoon"

A true Theatrical Story taken from Life,

Comedy and Pathos

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COLORED SINGERS AND DANCERS

6 other Novel Acts

PRICES:
Balcony Admission 15 Cents Upper Box Seats 75 Cts.
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Orchestra Res. 25 & 50 Cents Entire Boxes, 6 Seats, \$4 & \$5

MATS. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

Grand Sunday Night Concert - Sept. 11

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The Famous "Smart Set" Quartette

IN VOCAL SELECTIONS

Miss Lillian Brown, of the Smart Set Co.

SOPRANO VOCALIST

By permission of Mr. S. H. DUDLEY we are permitted to present these Artists in conjunction with our regular

SUNDAY BILL

Sunday Concerts 15 & 25 cts.

WE'RE ready to help every one in having the things to make a home comfortable.

If it's a Refrigerator or Porch Furniture, an Iron Bed or Matting, come to us and buy whatever is needed, on an open account.

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Pure Drugs & Chemicals

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED

CIGARS CANDIES PERFUMES

elevate his people. The citizens' association, of which he is a member, is doing good work in that northern section of the city in which Rev. Wiseman resides.

Called Home.
Mrs. Maggie Murray and daughters, who were at Long Branch, N. J., on a pleasure trip, were called suddenly home last week, on account of an accident to Mr. Lonnie Myers, brother of Mrs. Murray. It was the intention of Mrs. Murray and children to visit Atlantic City and other points, but

the accident to her brother prevented association, of which he is a member, is doing good work in that northern section of the city in which Rev. Wiseman resides.

Bowling Green, Ky., after being "dry" for three years, recently voted "wet" by a majority of 87.

James Barrett, an officer under Maj. Wirz, in command of Andersonville Prison, and later commandant of a Confederate prison at Florence, S. C., died Monday at the age of 70 years.

It seems to be the opinion of leading physicians that the common house fly carries germs of infantile paralysis, which is prevalent in many cities.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Wilbur P. Thirkield, LL.D., President.

Located in Capital of the Nation. Campus of over twenty acres. Advantages unsurpassed. Modern scientific and general equipment. New Carnegie Library. New Science Hall. Faculty of over one hundred. 1,252 students from 35 States and 11 other countries. Unusual opportunities for self-support. No young man or woman of energy or capacity need be deprived of its advantages.

THE COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Devoted to liberal studies. Courses in English, Mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, German, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, History, Philosophy, and the Social Sciences, such as are given in the best approved colleges. 16 professors. Kelly Miller, A.M., Dean.

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Special opportunities for teachers. Regular college courses in Psychology, Pedagogy, Education, etc., with degree of A.B.; Pedagogical courses leading to Ph.D. degree. High-grade courses in Normal Training, Music, Manual Arts, and Domestic Sciences. Graduates helped to positions. Lewis B. Moore, A. M., Ph.D., Dean.

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Courses in Bookkeeping, Stenography, Commercial Law, History, Civics, etc. Business and English high school education combined. George W. Cook, A.M., Dean.

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Interdenominational. Five professors. Broad and thorough courses. Advantages of connection with a great University. Students' Aid. Low expenses. Isaac Clark, D.D., Dean.

THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.—Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutical Colleges.

Forty-nine professors. Modern laboratories and equipment. Connected with new Freedmen's Hospital, costing half million dollars. Clinical facilities not surpassed in America. Post-graduate School and Polyclinic. Edward A. Balloch, M.D., Dean, 5th and W Streets, N. W. W. C. McNeill, M. D., Secretary, 901 R Street, N. W.

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Faculty of eight. Courses of three years, giving a thorough knowledge of theory and practice of law. Occupies own building opposite the courthouse. Benjamin F. Leighton, LL.B., Dean, 420 5th Street, N. W. For catalogue and special information, address Dean of Department.

PURCHASE A HOME AT ONCE.

For sale, twelve new, well-built, completed 4 to 7-room houses

at St. John Station, on Falls Church Line, near Fort Myer and

Arlington; right on car line; beautifully located; built in a very

fashionable neighborhood for the best class of colored people.

Splendid well with each house. Come quick; get your choice;

ten minutes' ride from Washington. Write me a card. Will meet

you at St. John any hour named by you, to show you the houses;

also, Sunday. Terms as easy as rental. Take car at 12th street

and Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite Postoffice. Address

N. A. REES,
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Wholesale and Retail Ice Dealers

Families a specialty

22 5 cent ice tickets sold in \$5.00 lots; 21 5 cent ice tickets sold \$1.00. Delivered at your house.

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At 31st and M Sts., N. W.

Why not become a stock-holder? Shares \$5 each. Gasoline oil for sale, special care given to storing and cleaning cars. No joy riding allowed. Come and inspect our place and send your car to us. Cars for hire from \$2 to \$3 per hour. Call phones West 291, 1549, North 2423. A paying investment. The Sight Seeing Automobile and Investment Co.

W. R. GRIFFIN, Treas

A movement is on foot, headed by Baron Wilkins, of New York, with other sporting men, to secure by public subscription amounting to \$25,000, a diamond studded gold belt for heavyweight champion John Arthur Johnson.

After a delay of 83 years, the \$800 estate of Timothy Caldwell, a resident of Wilmington, Del., who died in 1827, was divided last week. Owing to the case being involved the estate could not be settled before.

In London, England, wireless telephoning from a moving train has been accomplished with complete success on a stretch of railway line four miles in length between Horley and Three Bridges, on the Brighton railway.

Charleston, S. C., plans a \$250,000 race track to be ready next year.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Schwartz, jeweler and optician, 824 Seventh street northwest, in this issue of The Bee. This is one of the best and most thorough jewelry store in this city. Everything in this store is first class in every detail. Your eyeglasses are fitted, your eyes examined, and the very best material is used in the construction of your glasses. Satisfaction is guaranteed in everything.

A new silk mill has started in Reading, Pa., with Jansen & Pretzfeld, of New York, as managers, with twenty employees.

OIL MAGNATE OWNS A GHOST

It Was the Prize Package Given With Mexican Palace That H. Clay Pierce Bought.

H. Clay Pierce, St. Louis oil magnate, is now the owner of the Borda Gardens at Cuernavaca, Mexico, and may be said to be the custodian of the ghost of the Borda Gardens. Nothing was said about it when Mr. Pierce paid \$15,000 for the historic spot which was the favorite summer haunt of Emperor Maximilian and Queen Carlotta in the days of Mexico's splendor as an empire.

But it is to be supposed that the ghost, having occupied the gardens without leave these many years, will continue to do so, and an occasional glimpse of the ghostly intruder may be vouchsafed to the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce after Mr. Pierce has spent \$100,000 in restoring the gardens and they are ready to entertain their friends there.

Mrs. Pierce, who will be the mistress of the mansion of the mad empress, is an Edwardsville (Ill.) woman, the daughter of Maj. William M. Russell Pickett. Before her marriage to Mr. Pierce she was Mrs. Virginia Pickett Burrows.

The mansion, in recent years, has been divided into several suites and has been let to tenants. These say that they often see the ghost.

Whose ghost is it, and why it haunts the Borda Gardens nobody pretends to know, but it is the belief of the locality that the ghostly appearances have some relation to buried treasure and a dark crime of the long ago.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

How Hay Wrote "Little Breeches."

On the train, as I journeyed to New York, I entertained myself by writing "Little Breeches." The thing was done merely for my own amusement, without the smallest thought of print. But when I showed it to Whitelaw Reid he seized the manuscript and published it in the Tribune. By that time the lit and swing of the Pike county ballad had taken possession of me. I was filled with the Pike county spirit, as it were, and the humorous side of my mind was entertained by its rich possibilities. Within a week after the appearance of "Little Breeches" in print all the Pike county ballads were written. After that the impulse was completely gone from me. . . . There were no more Pike county ballads in me and there never have been any since. Let me tell you a queer thing about that. From the hour when the last of the ballads was written until now I have never been able to feel that they were mine, that my mind had anything to do with their creation or that they bore any trace of kinship to my thought or my intellectual impulses. They seem utterly foreign to me—as foreign as if I had first encountered them in print as the work of somebody else. It is a strange feeling.—Letter from John Hay to G. C. Eggleston, quoted in "Recollections of a Varied Life."

Good Time to Turn Farmer.

In theory there never was a better time than right now for a sensible man to move from city to country. The movement has been away from the farm until prices of all kinds of food and fiber are high. There is nothing in sight to indicate that prices will be greatly reduced by increased production. A crop well grown and handled with good business judgment will be reasonably sure of sale at a fair price. There never was a time when it was so easy to learn new methods and the principles of scientific farming. A man starting now may receive at once the benefit of 30 years of the experience and experts. For example millions of acres of land in the eastern states are almost nonproductive and thrown on the market at a low figure, simply because they are waterlogged and sour. When these farms are drained and limed they become at once productive and double in value for farm purposes. They are naturally strong and drainage and lime make their strength available.—H. W. Collingwood, in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Last Stage.

Mrs. De Fashion—My dear, late hours, late suppers and general social dissipation have ruined your constitution.

Miss De Fashion (belle of six seasons)—I know it, ma.

"And your health is miserable."

"Yes, ma."

"And you are losing your beauty."

"It's all gone, ma."

"It really is. And so is your plumpness."

"I'm nothing but skin and bones."

"There's no denying it, my dear, you are a mere wreck of your former self."

"Too true."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Get married."—New York Weekly.

Nothing Subdued About Her.

Fuddy—Do you believe that people acquire mental qualities from what they eat?

Duddy—Hardly think so. My wife's mother eats crushed oats, mashed potatoes and whipped cream, and yet she's very pugnacious.

Looking Up Father.

"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of 1877."

"Certainly, my boy. What for?"

"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."

WHY THE OX WAS MUZZLED

Old Welsh Plowman Took Timely Precaution to Save the Tail of the Leader.

The oxen were harnessed tandem fashion; stocky little Welshmen they were from the western hills, upsurers there, for the true Sussex ox is red. They eyed me with an expression of plaintive inquiry, and I noticed that the rear one's moist black nose was guarded by a string muzzle, through which he snorted at me in a manner hardly inviting confidence. The old plowman smiled indulgently while I admired them.

"Why do you muzzle the rear one?" I inquired.

"Look at the t'other's tail an' ye'll see," he chuckled.

And certainly the leader's tail was not so bushy as it should be.

"There aren't many oxen used now for farm work?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Only a few, just here an' there, mayhap," he answered; "horses an' ste'm plows 'a' done away with 'em. 'Sides, there ain't many smiths left now as can shoe an ox. Rare fun it is, I tell ye, stickin' the kews on 'em, throw 'em we have to tie up their legs an' hold their necks down w' a pitchfork. Ha! ha! rare fun it is, lad."

I looked at the wide-spreading pointed horns, and thought of the usual run of village smithies. "I shouldn't imagine any smith would be anxious to learn the art," I remarked.

The old man agreed with me. He had the rosy, childish unwrinkled face of the countryman, his eyes were gray-green, the color of the Channel sea below the edge of the Down; his grizzled head shook as he cut into his bread with the pointed blade of a big pocketknife. "No, things ain't as they were," he said slowly.—Manchester Guardian.

SWAM TO SHORE IN BASKET

Desiring to Join His Sweetheart, a Sailor Risks Life in Jumping From Ship.

Love for an old sweetheart and desire to save her from a marriage arranged by her parents impelled Makinzono Inouso of Seattle, Wash., a sailor on the steamer Inaba Maru, to risk his life in a daring attempt to escape from the vessel.

Waiting until the dark hours of the night Makinzono picked up a bamboo basket, and, holding it over his head, leaped from the steamer. Both guards and ship's officers heard the splash and rushed to the spot. Electric flash lamps and the ship's searchlight shot their rays over the waters, but all that was discernible was a bamboo basket bobbing around in the bay. Apparently without any guidance the basket floated around the end of the grain elevator and disappeared. In the morning Makinzono was missed, and investigation developed the manner of his escape.

Sent among the passengers with a message from one of the ship's officers, Makinzono recognized the girl as an old sweetheart. It was then he carried out his plan of escape. The girl is held at the detention station.—New York Herald.

Murdered for a Cent.

A quarrel over a single penny led to a murder in Hoboken the other day. A man from Nebraska, who stopped at a hotel in Hoboken while awaiting the sailing of the steamer for Europe, put a penny in the slot of an automatic music box in the dining-room of the hotel, but the box refused to pour forth the expected ragtime tune. The Nebraska became indignant and upbraided the German porter. The latter explained to him that it required a nickel and not a penny to set the mechanism of the music-box in motion, but that explanation did not satisfy the man from Nebraska. He became abusive and when the porter threatened to put him out, he pulled a revolver from his pocket and shot the porter dead.

Man an Aquatic Animal.

Every moderately well-educated person knows that life originated in the water, but not so many are aware that we are still aquatic animals. Every cell except those of the outside skin is dependent upon a surrounding liquid to keep it alive, and if it became dry it would perish. A person who realizes this fact will always take care to drink plenty of water, and will also eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, since these contain large quantities of water, and that in a purer form than is usually available. The pickaninny shows his good sense when he feasts upon the juicy watermelon, and instead of ridiculing him we might better go and do likewise.

Why He Bought Pardon.

Roquelure, the deformed jester of Louis XIV., contrived to get out of many a scrape by his ready wit. One day he went to the king to ask his pardon for having struck off the helmet of one of his sentinels, who had failed to give him the military salute. Louis, who knew his man, wondered that Roquelure should crave his pardon for so venial an offense, and said to him: "This is a serious matter, Roquelure, but I will pardon you this time." It afterwards turned out that the soldier's head was in the helmet, and fell with it to the ground.

Unusual.

Knocker—Say, here's an original baseball story. Second senior—How's that? Knocker—Here wins the game in eighth inning instead of ninth.

LAMB ONCE A JOURNALIST

At One Time He Was Actively Engaged on the Staff of the London Post.

In connection with Lord Glenesk's recently published history of that old-established London journal, the Morning Post, it is interesting to recall the fact that at one time Charles Lamb was on its staff of contributors. This gentle essayist wrote largely for a column headed "Fashionable Intelligence;" in those days, as Lamb says, "every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs." It was in this capacity that Lamb was engaged on the Post; furthermore his contract stipulated that in "the chat of the day, scandal, but above all, dress" he should supply six paragraphs a day, not one of which was to exceed seven lines in length, and the payment for which was to be 12 cents each.

In his essay "Newspapers Thirty-Five Years Ago," Lamb seems to have been rather pleased with the "sticks" of chat he contributed to the press; we now find that "Dan Stuart," his editor, entertained a different opinion as to their value. "As for good Charles Lamb," he said, "I never could make anything of his writings. Of politics he knew nothing; they were out of his line of reading and thought, and his drollery was rapid when given in short paragraphs fit for a newspaper."

HOW SHE GOT RID OF THEM

Discouraged Visits From Her Niece's Children by Teaching Them Verses From the Bible.

"What has become of those two children who visited you so often?" asked one West side woman of another. The other smiled discreetly.

"They are the children of my niece, and she was making a convenience of me. Of course I love the children, but I never allow myself to become much of a victim of imposition. My niece is an extremely gay young widow, and she does not like to take care of her children. She is fond of shopping, matinees, afternoon teas and everything, in short, which takes her away from home, and she got into a habit of sending her children over to my house for me to take care of whenever she wished to gad about. I decided it was time to break up the habit, for her own good and that of the children, as well as mine, so I did."

"I suppose that made your niece angry?"

"Oh, no; it couldn't. I never said anything about it. The last time the children came over I spent the afternoon teaching them verses from the Bible, and they didn't find it sufficiently entertaining. They never came back. Just how they managed to work it out with their mother I do not know, but I suppose they struck or begged off. Of course, she could not object to what I had done, and it proved a very simple solution."

The Boss.

President McCrea of the Pennsylvania railroad, in his study of all classes of men who are under him, entertains a great admiration for the Irish foreman of a gang of laborers who went to any lengths to show his men that he was the real boss. One morning this foreman found that his gang had put a hand car on the track without his orders.

"Who put that han' car-r on the track?" he asked.

"We did, sor," one of the men answered respectfully.

"Well," he said shortly, "take it off ag'in!"

The laborers did so with some difficulty.

"Now," said the foreman, "put it on ag'in!"—Popular Magazine.

Knew She Was Right.

An auction was announced of the library and household effects of a man who had once entertained in a lavish way, and among the persons who went to the sale were many who had enjoyed the fallen family's hospitality. When a set of after-dinner cups was put up one woman said: "There are only five of those, not six." The auctioneer consulted his catalogue and replied: "Thank you; you are right," and proceeded with the sale. Then the woman whispered to the one next to her: "I knew I was right, because my husband dropped one of that set the last time we dined there."

Couldn't Come Back.

Enoch Arden crept softly up to the window and peered in.

The former Mrs. Arden sat talking sternly to Enoch's successor.

"Do as you like," she was saying.

"But remember this, it's just as I told Enoch when he got to thinking he was boss of the house: You may go away, but you can't come back."

Fortunately Mr. Tennyson learned of the incident before the eminent literary of the prize ring got to it.

Sensitive.

"Miss Passay is furious with that society reporter."

"Why so?"

"He published the announcement of her approaching wedding under the column headed 'Late Engagements.'"

—Life.

A Hero.

The Player—You're a lover of music, aren't you, Mr. Smith? The Hearer—Y-ee, but don't mind me. Go right on playing.

WHY WOMEN GROW OLD EARLY

Through a Mistaken Idea of Duty She Permits Her Life to Become a Treadmill.

Why do some women grow old and others keep the secret of perpetual youth? Here is one answer:

One reason why the average woman wears out, grows plain before her husband, is that, through a mistaken idea of duty, she lays out for herself at the beginning of her married life a scheme or plan of duty and employment for her time, every hour filled with work, with rare and short periods of relaxation.

This she follows religiously for years, feeling that she has done her duty, because every household event occurs regularly and on time, while she soon becomes merely a machine, a thing without life of itself or volition. She settles into a rut, and goes round and round on the same track overlastingly.

Can any woman keep brightness, originality of thought or speech, or even mere prettiness with such a life? And without those things how can she keep her husband and growing children full of loving admiration, which is the strong chain by which she can bind them to her? How bright and jolly the neighbor's wife seems when she calls. In nine cases out of ten it is because the surroundings and talk of your home are variety to her, and rouse her to originality and brightness of speech.

Cultivate a broad attitude toward the world and its people. Let your interests be far-reaching, and there will be renewed vigor when it comes to solve the problems of the home.

WANTED PAY FOR HIS WORK

British West Indian Who Wanted Remuneration for Building His Own House, Materials Furnished.

An English naval officer tells of being on a war vessel which took provisions to St. Kitt's, one of the British West India islands. A hurricane had left many of the inhabitants in a destitute or even starving condition. Hungry crowds gathered at the wharf, but refused to help unload the food that was to be given to them unless paid for their work. A similar story sheds light on the Jamaican negro. Five or six years ago a hurricane devastated the island, and a large relief sum was raised, much of it in England and the United States. The committee having charge of this fund sent a wagon load of lumber to a husky black man whose house had been scattered over the parish. He and his family were living in a rude shack, made out of odds and ends.

"What's that fur?" he asked of the men who were unloading the material in front of his patch of ground.

"That's for your new house," was the reply. "It's from the relief fund and won't cost you anything."

"Who's goin' to build mah house?"

"You are, if anybody does."

"Who's goin' to pay me fur mah work?"

Drops Pick as Wife Gets Rich.

Michael Flanagan threw down his pick when he got word his wife had fallen heir to \$50,000 left by her uncle, John Hogan, a Brooklyn saloonkeeper. Flanagan has been one of the jolly, devil-may-care workers employed in building a road on Franklin Murphy's large estate, which is being fashioned out of the wilderness near here.

"I'm sorry to leave you, boys," said Flanagan when a lawyer's clerk from Morristown brought the news, "but I'm suddenly elevated to the Rockefeller and Carnegie class, and so I must be off."

Michael, notwithstanding he had money in his pocket, walked a mile in the hot sun to the railroad station rather than pay a nickel on the trolley.

"If any part of that \$50,000 gets away from me foolishly it will be when I'm asleep and can't hold on to its wing," remarked Flanagan departing.

Eating Between Meals.

Not much is said about this bad habit nowadays, but it is still a bad habit. Do not let children eat chocolates, biscuits or sweetmeats at odd times, whenever the whim seizes them.

This practice leads to many troublesome little ailments connected with the digestion.

Nibbling at crackers and sucking sour balls or taffy are perhaps the most common forms of "eating all the time" and should be checked as soon as the habit is noticed.

A little pure candy may be given for dessert at a meal, or at night before the teeth are washed, but it should not be given more than once a day.

A Misunderstanding.

Census Taker—What did you say your name is?

Editor of the Century—R. U. Johnson.

Census Taker—What difference does it make whether I am Johnson or not? You've got to answer the questions I ask or get arrested. What did you say your name is?

Unossified.

"Where's the ossified man?"

"Fired him."

"What for?"

"He fell in love."

"But that shouldn't have spoiled him as a drawing card."

"That's what you think; but after he fell in love he was the softest thing you ever saw."

MENDING TROUSERS POCKETS

Mrs. Billtops Objects to the One Ingenious Method That Pleases Her Husband.

"As some sage has remarked," said Mr. Billtops, "the longer we live the more we find out. You take, for instance, the mending of a trousers pocket that has a hole in it down at the bottom, so that you are in danger of losing out of it your keys or your pocket knife or such small change as you may there carry."

"Now I supposed there were just three ways of mending that pocket, three and no more. One way would be to put a patch on it, another way would be to cut off the bottom of the pocket and sew on a new section, and still another way would be to put in an entire new pocket; but the tailor to whom I took these trousers to be fixed up has shown me a fourth way that made me laugh for its simplicity and at the same time as I thought ingenuity."

"He just folded over the bottom of the pocket high enough up to cover the hole, and then just stitched the pocket across through the folded over part and the main body of the pocket, this you see something that could be done in a minute and that at the same time served its purpose. I admired it for its ingenuity and effectiveness, but Mrs. Billtops doesn't look at it as I do."

"She says that if it's a sloppy way of mending a pocket, that it makes the pocket shallower, for one thing, and that then that folded over part, making the pocket of double thickness, makes a ridge there which is not desirable. She says that she has mended pockets that way herself, but that it is not a good way, and I guess she's right; she generally is."

TIN A GOOD SOUND BARRIER

German's Experiment With Telephone Booth Convinces Him It Should Be Put In Walls.

Any one who in a telephone booth has been disturbed by loud talking outside, or some other noise to interrupt the electric conversation, will be interested in an article in a German periodical, Der Gesundheitsingenieur. The writer tells how he dealt with this difficulty. He had been making some acoustic experiments, which convinced him that if a wooden telephone booth were lined with tin, all noises would be excluded. He nailed sheets of tin on the wooden walls, with the result that an expert, who had laughed at his idea, was so impressed that he forthwith proceeded to construct a number of such booths. Nor are telephone users the only ones who may profit by this experiment. The writer referred to appeals to architects to introduce tin, or aluminum, in the walls of houses generally, to deaden sounds. He is convinced that if this were done, the neighbor's daughter's piano and voice would cease to be a disturbing factor in life, except, of course, in summer, when all the windows are open. The tin manufacturers may be trusted to see to it that this plan is properly pushed and advertised.

Where Men Are "Pretty."

A British investigator is ungallant enough to state that the reason why women are as a rule a beauty not attained by man lies in the fact that they are more indolent and not so prone to "exercise their brains" as men are. Intellectual labor and assiduous attention to business are, according to this authority, matters extremely prejudicial to the development of physical beauty.

In support of his theory this Briton points to the Zulus, a tribe of British India. Among them, it appears, women hold the place that in other countries is pre-empted by men. The Zulu woman manages the affairs of state, engages in business on her own account and does not restrict herself in the narrow field of woman elsewhere. On the other hand, the Zulu man has nothing to do but cook the meals and look after the children. The natural result of all this, says our scientist, is that the men of this singular tribe are "very pretty" and the women unusually plain.

Brought Bees to Earth.

A rather novel way of capturing a swarm of bees was adopted in North Hants, England, recently, where a gamekeeper found that a roving colony had settled high up on a beech tree fifty or sixty feet above the ground in his garden. A man went to his assistance and spread a cloth on the ground on some hay just beneath the swarm. The keeper fired a shot which cut away the bough from which the bees hung from the tree. They fell like a bunch of grapes on to the cloth, and a "skep" was immediately placed over them. The swarm weighed nearly five pounds, and the bees appeared to be none the worse for their treatment.

Strange Juvenile Depravity.

An extraordinary case of juvenile crime recently occurred at Rossford, near Munich, where two choir boys have been sentenced to several years' imprisonment for poisoning sacramental wine. The elder boy stole some hydrochloric acid, and the younger who was assisting the priest at mass, poured the poison into the wine. The first person who tasted the wine fortunately noticed that something was wrong, and a strong emetic was administered by a doctor in the congregation.

DANGER PLACES IN STORM

Bell Wires, Open Windows and Fire-places Should Be Avoided When Lightning Is Flashing.

What is the safest place in a thunderstorm? As a rule the safest place of all is inside a building which is provided with a perfect lightning conductor. The conductor, however, must have no defects. If it be broken or have a faulty earth connection it is then a source of grave danger.

In an ordinary dwelling house, unguarded as it usually is against lightning, a safe place is the middle of the largest room, where one is away from the walls, or a still safer precaution is to lie on an iron bed drawn out from contact with the wall.

The most dangerous places in the house, we are further told, are near the bell wires, or an open window, or the fireplace. Outside the house the places of danger are proximity to walls and buildings and iron fences. Another danger is a crowd. The vapor which rises from a crowd tends to lead a flash toward the crowd. In the open country one of the most dangerous places is the bank of a river. Avenues of trees, lakes and hedges are likewise dangerous.

If any one doubts the danger of a Hawthorne hedge let him take his stand at a safe distance during a respectable storm and watch the effect. The lightning will dart along the hedge like sheets of fire. If the observer gets wet to the skin, so much the better for his safety.

ATHLETES OF OLDEN-TIME

Those of Greece Wore Hair Cropped and Were Subjected to Very Careful Diet.

Some interesting comparisons may be drawn between ancient and modern athletes. The athletes of ancient Greece, for example, if they should appear to view today, would not be taken for a football team.

The old-time man of muscle wore his hair cropped, a distinguishing feature in a land of long hair. Trainers for the games led a very careful life. They were under orders for a rigid diet, which became especially severe just before the contest.

Their bill of fare consisted of fresh cheese, dried figs and wheat porridge. A little later in the era meat was allowed, with a preference for beef and pork. Bread was not allowed with meat, and sweets not at all.

At one time a strange custom of diet came into vogue. Every day at the conclusion of practice the athletes were obliged to consume enormous quantities of food, which was digested in a long-continued sleep. The amount was gradually increased until huge meals of meat were taken. This diet produced a corpulence which was of advantage in wrestling, but injurious for other sports.

An Australian Plant Pest.

Just thirty years ago a lady at Bright, Victoria, planted in her garden a few seeds of St. John's wort sent her from the old country. The lady's intention was to have one or two of the plants at hand for medicinal purposes. The hardy weed, however, soon spread beyond the garden, and before anyone had grasped the magnitude of the evil it had been carried by cattle along all the main stock routes and jumped the Victorian watershed into Gippsland. It has now completely taken possession of something like 30,000 acres of agricultural land, and the agricultural department of Victoria is expending thousands of pounds in the endeavor to eradicate it, some of the methods tried costing nearly \$50 an acre.—Westminster Gazette.

Object to Slaughter of Lions.

According to some of the farmers of East Africa, the lion should be protected as a useful animal, notwithstanding the fact that once in a while he kills a man. The lion, they maintain, is a great destroyer of noxious herbivorous animals, such as zebras and antelopes, which are a scourge to the fields. In one district they say no fewer than 46 lions have recently been killed by hunters, and they estimate that this represents the saving of 35,000 to 40,000 zebras and antelopes, which would otherwise have fallen a prey to the lions that have been destroyed. Of course, the hunters shoot zebras and antelopes, but this fact, they think, does not counterbalance the destruction of those animals that would have been effected by the slain lions.

Curiosities of Smell.

No substance that refuses to dissolve in water has an odor. It is the actual substance itself, floating in particles in the air, that appeals to the nose, and not simply a vibration of the air, as in the case of light and sound. The damper a thing is the more powerful the odor it gives off. A pleasant proof of the fact can be had by walking in a garden after rain. There is no end to the curiosities of smell. It is, for instance, the vapor of a liquid that smells, and not the liquid in the mass, itself. If eau de cologne be poured into the nostril the nose refuses to recognize any odor there at all.

A Smile or Two.

Tenant—I hear you have a letter for me. Just give it to me, will you?
Concierge—All right, ma'am, but I warn you, you won't be able to make much out of it. None of the servants, nor my wife, nor myself can read it.
—Pele Mele.

Thomas Walker, Attorney.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding Probate Court.
Estate of Matilda Tyler, deceased. No. 15537 Administration Docket.

Application having been made here-in for probate of the last will and testament and codicil of said deceased, and for letters testamentary on said estate, by John W. Brunson, it is ordered this 17th day of August, A. D. 1910, that the unknown heirs-at-law and next of kin of said Matilda Tyler, deceased, and all other concerned, appear in said court on Tuesday, the 27th day of September, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m., to show cause why such application should not be granted. Let notice hereof be published in the Washington Law Reporter and The Washington Bee, once in each of three successive weeks before the return day herein mentioned—the first publication to be not less than thirty days before said return day.

JOB BARNARD, Justice.
Attest: JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.
THOS. WALKER, Attorney.

HERE'S A GOOD CHILD STORY

One Which Comes From the Family of a Boston Educator and Has Unusual Originality.

Perhaps the most startling child story extant, however, comes from the family of a famous Boston educator, whose children all are distinguished by an unusual degree of originality. Several boys and girls of various ages have been adopted into this family, so the sudden appearance of new and well-grown associates seems to the younger members quite natural. This rather unusual attitude toward family growth worked out oddly a year or two ago, upon the occasion of the Christmas play, which the little ones annually write, rehearse and produce, quite without adult assistance, for their parents.

The plot of the play included the financial redemption of a highly worthy couple—this being an extremely cultured and sociologically learned yet natural group of youngsters—by the good luck of the husband, played by an eager urchin of seven, in the gold fields of Alaska. The happy bridegroom returned to his weeping bride of a year in the nick of time, bearing with him a huge and heavy bag of gold. The bride, in a neat speech, revealed to him the poverty-stricken, hungry straits to which she had been reduced, and warmly commended his skill and industry in gold finding. Then, rising with a proud and modest air, she gently informed him: "And I, meanwhile, have not been idle!"—and, drawing a convenient curtain, disclosed an assorted group of laughing boys and girls as "Our children, dear!"

The audience, not unnaturally, rocked with helpless laughter, but those dear little lads and lasses still are wondering why.

VALUE OF PROPERTY RIGHTS

How One Small Boy Was Cured of Destructive Propensities by a Lasting Lesson.

Small boys are very apt to fail to recognize the value of others' property. My small son, in company with a playmate, in a game used the lights in a neighbor's henhouse for a target. The owner of the damaged property visited both homes, where the culprits hid in dismay, and collected damages. Here was a valuable opportunity for a lasting lesson. I called my boy to me, and we talked the matter over, he having full chance to explain his side of the case. Then the mischief he had wrought and the reputation it might give him were gravely discussed.

He voluntarily offered to refund the amount of his part of the damage out of his small savings until full restitution was made. This was finally agreed upon, and here came the hard part for the boy. His pocket money allowance was 25 cents a week, which was frequently reduced by fines for ill-temper or other sundry breaches of etiquette or duty. It took him several weeks to get out of debt.

When the last cent was paid, he gave a sigh of relief, and said: "There, I'll never destroy anything again as long as I live."

Baked Fish.

Clean, wash and dry the fish and sprinkle the inside with salt. Cut gashes in the side two inches apart and tie the fish in letter S shape. Rub with salt, pepper and melted butter and put a piece of salt pork in each gash in the side. Put in oven to bake and baste often. Add following dressing: Take cupful of cracker crumbs, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one saltspoon salt, one of pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped pickle, one tablespoonful parsley and one table-spoonful of onion juice. Add hot water to moisten.

Hot Chicken Salad.

One tablespoonful of butter, melt, add one tablespoonful of flour mixed with a pinch of salt, a little pepper, cayenne, and if liked celery salt, or for a change a few drops of onion juice. Use about a cup of milk to make a cream. Stir in a beaten egg, then carefully a cup of chopped chicken meat. Don't stir much after adding the meat. Veal is good instead of chicken, and lamb can be used, but cut it into little dice instead of chopping it. Serve on toast or with fried potatoes.

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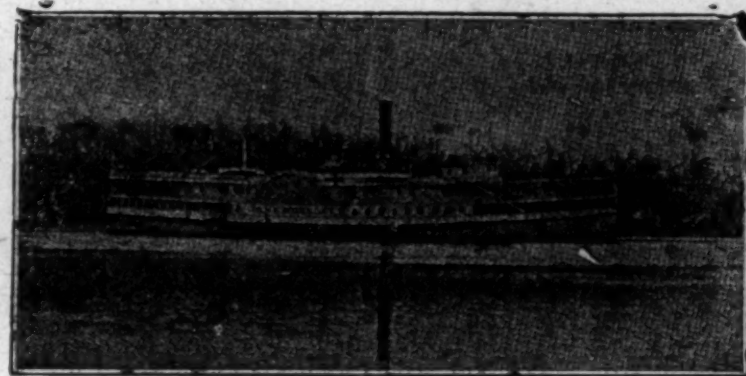
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